

W.L. DOUGLAS**\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES**

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes for men, women and children are made in the United States. They are made of the best materials and are made by the best workmen. They are made to last and are made to give you the most comfortable and healthful shoe you can wear.

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Does this smoker know what he's talking about?**He says the best pipe of the day is the first one**

A smoker from Zanesville, Ohio, who prefers to conceal his identity under the initials "A.K.K.," insists that the after-breakfast pipe is far and away the best pipe of the day.

"Of course," writes A.K.K., "it depends somewhat on the breakfast. I couldn't get much joy out of a pipe after getting up from burnt oatmeal, bad coffee, and soggy toast. But after one of the breakfasts my wife can turn out, that's different!"

"Then when I step out on the porch and light up the old pipe, I very nearly approach the pinnacle of my day. As I figure it, one puff after breakfast is worth a dozen puffs after dinner."

"Somewhere the tobacco has a flavor early in the morning that it never quite approaches later in the day."

"It may be that a cool pipe draws better. I don't know. It may be the tobacco or the pipe, or just me. I only know that I like the first pipe of the day the best."

"But please don't let this preference of mine for an early-morning pipe in any way injure my standing as an inveterate pipesmoker. I smoke from breakfast until bedtime and get a lot of pleasure out of each pipe provided always that I use the right kind of tobacco."

At this point it seems only fair to admit that A.K.K. is an Edgeworth smoker. Has been for the last ten years and expects to be for the rest of his life.

Thousands and thousands of smokers all over the country have discovered that Edgeworth is just the "right kind of tobacco" to suit their tastes.

Edgeworth may or may not be the right kind of tobacco for you. At least we want to give you the opportunity of finding out just what you do think about it.

Just jot your name and address down on a postal and we will send you immediately free samples, both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually purchase your tobacco supplies, we will appreciate the favor.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidor, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 48 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-ounce carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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Miss Lulu Bett

By ZONA GALE

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"SENORA, ALLOW ME!"

SYNOPSIS.—General factotum in the house of her sister Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton, Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high-school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's elder daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged. The family is excited over the news of an approaching visit from Deacon's brother Ninian, whom he had not seen for many years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming meeting. Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world, and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, because it is something new in her life. And Ninian appears to like Lulu.

It—Continued.

The words give no conception of their effect, spoken thus. For there in Warbleton these words are not commonplace. In Warbleton, Europe is never so casually spoken of. "Take a trip abroad" is the phrase, or "Go to Europe" at the very least, and both with emphasis. Dwight had somewhere noted and deliberately picked up that "other side" effect, and his Ina knew this, and was proud. Her covert glance about pensively covered her soft triumph.

Mrs. Bett, her arm still circling the child Monona, now made her first observation.

"Pity not to have went while the going was good," she said, and said no more.

Nobody knew quite what she meant, and everybody hoped for the best. But Ina frowned. Mamma did these things occasionally when there was company, and she dared. She never sauced Dwight in private. And it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair!

Abruptly Ninian rose and left the room.

The dishes were washed. Lulu had washed them at breakneck speed—she could not, or would not, have told why. But no sooner were they finished and set away than Lulu had been attacked by an unconquerable inhibition. And instead of going to the parlor, she sat down by the kitchen window. She was in her chatty gown, with her cameo pin and her string of coral.

Laughter from the parlor mingled with the laughter of Di and Jenny upstairs. Lulu was now rather shy of Di. A night or two before, coming home with "extra" cream, she had come round to the side door and had come full upon Di and Bobby, seated on the steps. And Di was saying:

"Well, if I marry you, you've simply got to be a great man. I could never marry just anybody. I'd smother."

Lulu had heard, stricken. She passed them by, responding only faintly to their greeting. Di was far less taken aback than Lulu.

Later Di had said to Lulu: "I s'pose you heard what we were saying."

Lulu, much shaken, had withdrawn from the whole matter by a flat "no." "Because," she said to herself, "I couldn't have heard right."

But since then she had looked at Di as if Di were some one else. Had not Lulu taught her to make buttonholes and to hem—oh, no! Lulu could not have heard properly.

"Everybody's got somebody to be nice to them," she thought now, sitting by the kitchen window, adult yet Cinderella.

She thought that some one would come for her—her mother or even Ina. Perhaps they would send Monona. She waited at first hopefully, then resentfully. The gray rain wrapped the air.

"Nobody cares what becomes of me after they're fed," she thought, and derived an obscure satisfaction from her phrasing, and thought it again.

Ninian Deacon came into the kitchen.

Her first impression was that he had come to see whether the dog had been fed.

"I fed him," she said, and wished that he had been busy when Ninian entered.

"Who, me?" he asked. "You did that all right. Say, why in time don't you come in the other room?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, neither do I. I've kept thinking, 'Why don't she come along.' Then I remembered the dishes." He glanced about. "I come to help wipe dishes."

"Oh!" she laughed so delicately, so delightfully, one wondered where she got it. "They're washed—" she caught herself at "long ago."

"Well then, what are you doing here?"

"Resting."

"Rest in there. He bowed, crooked his arm. 'Senora,' he said—his Spanish matched his other assimilations of travel—'Senora, allow me.'"

Lulu rose. On his arm she entered the parlor. Dwight was narrating and did not observe that entrance. To the Plows it was sufficiently normal. But Ina looked up and said:

"Well!"—in two notes, descending, curving.

Lulu did not look at her. Lulu sat in a low rocker. Her starched white skirt, throwing her chally in ugly lines, revealed a peeping rim of white embroidery. Her lace front wrinkled when she sat, and perpetually she adjusted it. She curled her feet side-wise beneath her chair, her long wrists and veined hands lay along her lap in no relation to her. She was tense. She rocked.

When Dwight had finished his narration, there was a pause, broken at last by Mrs. Bett:

"You tell that better than you used to when you started in telling it," she observed. "You got in some things I guess you used to clean forget about. Monona, get off my rocker."

Monona made a little whimpering sound, in pretense to tears. Ina said, "Darling—quiet!"—chin a little lifted, lower lip revealing lower teeth for the word's completion; and she held it.

The Plows were asking something about Mexico. Dwight was wondering



And instead of going to the parlor she sat down by the kitchen window.

If it would let up raining at all. Di and Jenny came whispering into the room. But all these distractions Ninian Deacon swept aside.

"Miss Lulu," he said, "I wanted you to hear about my trip up the Amazon, because I knew how interested you are in travels."

He talked, according to his lights, about the Amazon. But the person who most enjoyed the recital could not afterward have told two words that he said. Lulu kept the position which she had taken at first, and she dare not change. She saw the blood in the veins of her hands and wanted to hide them. She wondered if she might fold her arms, or have one hand to support her chin, gave it all up and sat motionless, save for the rocking.

Then she forgot everything. For the first time in years some one was talking and looking not only at Ina and Dwight and their guests, but at her.

III.

June.

On a June morning Dwight Herbert Deacon looked at the sky, and said with his manner of originating it:

"How about a picnic this afternoon?"

Ina, with her blank, upward look, exclaimed: "Today!"

"First class day, it looks like to me."

Come to think of it, Ina didn't know that there was anything to prevent, but mercy, Herbert was so sudden. Lulu began to recite the resources of the house for a lunch. Meanwhile, since the first mention of picnic, the child Monona had been dancing stiffly about the room, knees stiff, elbows stiff, shoulders immovable, her straight hair flapping about her face. The sad dance of the child who cannot dance because she never has danced. Di gave a conservative assent—she was at that age—and then took advantage of the family softness incident to a guest and demanded that Bobby go too. Ina hesitated, partly because she always hesitated, partly because she was tribal in the extreme. "Just our little family and Uncle Ninian would have been so nice," she sighed, with her consent.

When, at six o'clock, Ina and Dwight and Ninian assembled on the porch and Lulu came out with the basket, it was seen that she was in a blue cotton house gown.

"Look here," said Ninian, "aren't you going?"

"Me?" said Lulu. "Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I haven't been to a picnic since I can remember."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I never think of such a thing."

Ninian waited for the family to speak. They did speak. Dwight said:

"Lulu's a regular home body."

And Ina advanced kindly with:

"Come with us, Lulu, if you like."

"No," said Lulu, and flushed.

"Thank you," she added, formally.

Mrs. Bett's voice shrilled from within the house, startlingly close—just beyond the window blind, in fact:

"Go on, Lulu. It'll do you good. You mind me and go on."

"Well," said Ninian, "that's what I say. You hustle for your hat and you come along."

For the first time this course presented itself to Lulu as a possibility.

She stared up at Ninian.

"You can slip on my linen duster, over," Ina said graciously.

"Your new one?" Dwight incredulously wished to know.

"Oh, no!" Ina laughed at the idea.

"The old one."

They were having to wait for Di in any case—they always had to wait for Di—and at last, hardly believing in her own motions, Lulu was running to make ready. Mrs. Bett hurried to help her, but she took down the wrong things and they were both irritated. Lulu reappeared in the linen duster and a wide hat. There had been no time to "tighten up" her hair; she was flushed at the adventure; she had never looked so well.

They started. Lulu, falling in with Monona, heard for the first time in her life, the step of the pursuing male, choosing to walk beside her and the little girl. Oh, would Ina like that? And what did Lulu care what Ina liked? Monona, making a silly, semi-articulate observation, was enchanted to have Lulu burst into laughter and squeeze her hand.

Di contributed her bright presence, and Bobby Larkin appeared from nowhere, running, with a gigantic bag of fruit.

"Bullylujah!" he shouted, and Lulu could have shouted with him.

She sought for some utterance.

"I do hope we've brought sandwiches enough," was all that she could get to say.

They chose a spot, that is to say, Dwight Herbert chose a spot, across the river and up the shore where there was at that season a strip of warm beach. Dwight Herbert declared himself the builder of incomparable fires, and made a bad smudge. Ninian, who was a camper neither by birth nor by adoption, kept offering brightly to help, could think of nothing to do, and presently, bethinking himself of skipping stones, went and tried to skip them on the flowing river. Ina cut her hand opening the condensed milk and was obliged to sit under a tree and nurse the wound. Monona spilled all the salt and sought diligently to recover it. So Lulu did all the work. As for Di and Bobby, they had taken the pail and gone for water, discouraging her to the point of tears. But the two were gone for so long that, on their return, Dwight was hungry and cross and majestic.

"While I'm here, I'm going to take you and Ina and Dwight up to the city."

TO BE CONTINUED

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Linton Tells How Helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is at This Period

Denver, Colorado.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for seven years and I cannot tell you the good it has done me. It is good for young and old and I always keep a bottle of it in the house, for I am at that time of life when it calls for Lydia E. Pinkham's help. My husband saw your ad. in the papers and said 'You have taken everything you can think of, now I want you to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I let him get it, and I soon felt better and he told me 'I want you to take about six bottles.' So I did and I keep house and do all my own work and work out by the day and feel fine now. I tell every one about the Vegetable Compound, for so many of my friends thought I would not get well."—Mrs. R. J. LINTON, 1850 West 83d Avenue, Denver, Colorado.

After reading letters like the above, and we are constantly publishing them, why should any woman hesitate to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound if she is in need of help? It brings relief where other medicines fail.

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